

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 25 • 9th AUGUST 1968

PRICE 1/3



The Sleeping Princess



1. With her heart beating a little faster, the young princess started to climb the steps of the winding stairs inside the tower. "It's so cold and damp and dark," she said to herself, with a shiver. "But I am so curious to find out if anyone lives here, that I feel I must go on and see for myself."



2. When she reached the top of the steps, she found herself facing a great door made of solid oak. In the lock was a large key. The princess looked at it. She put out her hand and then drew it back. "Shall I? Shall I turn the key?" she wondered. "I have a strange feeling that I am meant to open the door."



3. She took a deep breath, plucked up her courage and turned the key. Slowly the heavy door opened and, full of curiosity, she peeped inside the room beyond. In it was a strange woman, sitting all alone, working at a sort of spinning-wheel machine. "What are you doing?" asked the princess. "What are you making?"

4. "Come in, my dear," said the woman (but as you will have already guessed, she was really the wicked Ice Fairy). "It's so seldom that I get a pretty visitor like yourself. What you are doing is something called spinning. I make long strands of fine silk, which can then be used to make lovely dresses."



5. "Oh, how very clever," said the princess. "I never knew that such a thing could be made at home. I think that my mother, the Queen, always goes to another country to buy the silks and cottons she needs for making dresses." The princess did not know that spinning-wheels were not allowed in the Kingdom on the special orders of the King himself.



6. "Would you like some silk that I have just spun? It's such a pretty colour, my dear," said the Ice Fairy, holding out the spindle of silk. She smiled sweetly, but the black cat on her shoulder showed the true feelings of her mistress by giving a little snarl. The princess was delighted. "Thank you very much," she said. "You are so very sweet and kind."



7. Holding the spindle of silk, the princess hurried to the stairs, and lightly tripped down them, feeling very happy. "There's just one thing, my dear," the Ice Fairy called out from the top of the stairs. "Please do not tell anyone that I have given you some of my silk. Let us keep it a secret between ourselves." "Of course," said the princess. "I will not say a word about it."

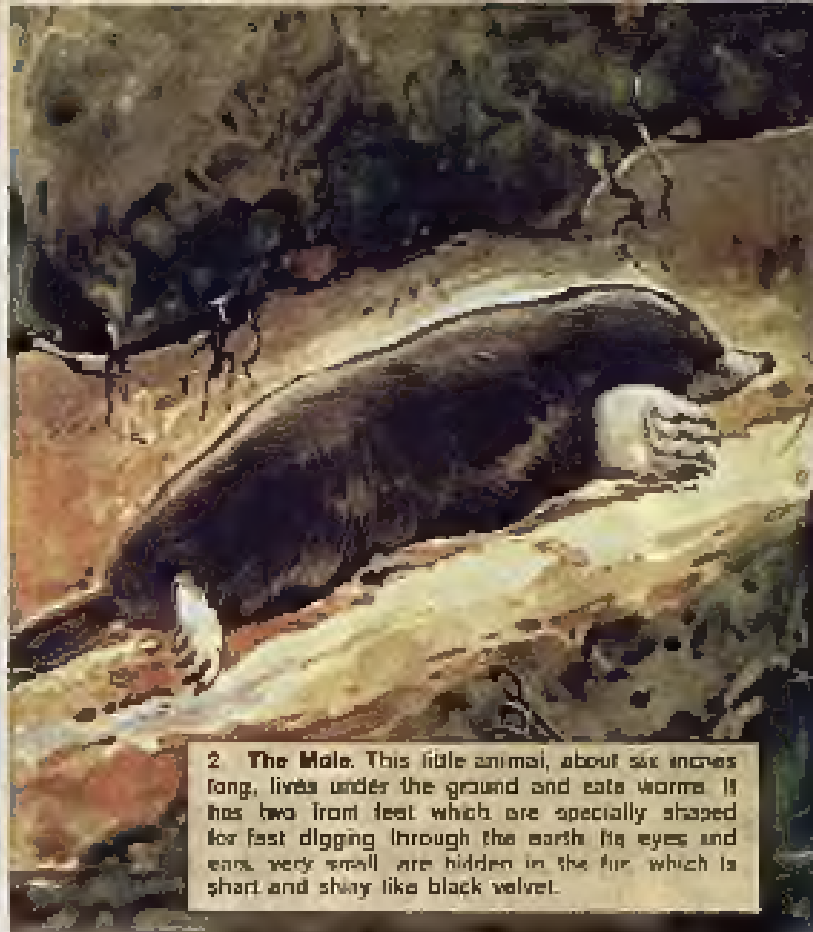


8. As she left the door of the tall tower and stepped out into the sunshine, she saw people scurrying about all over the place. One of them was her father, the King. "We have been looking everywhere for you, my dear," he said. "We were worried about you." "There is no need to worry any more, father," the princess smiled, keeping the spindle well hidden.

What will happen to the princess now? More of the delightful tale next week.



1. **The Otter.** Found in many parts of the world, as well as Europe, the otter is a most graceful and playful creature. It lives near the banks of rivers and hunts fish for its food. Young otters are born in deep burrows near the water's edge.



2. **The Mole.** This little animal, about six inches long, lives under the ground and eats worms. It has two front feet which are specially shaped for fast digging through the earth. Its eyes and ears, very small, are hidden in the fur, which is short and shiny like black velvet.



These are our "Allsorts" pages. Every week you can see all sorts of Allsorts. **THIS WEEK:**

All Sorts of



3. **The Stoat.** A stoat is about twelve inches long, and in summer it is seen with a reddish-brown coat of fur. In winter, however, it changes its colour to white, so that it cannot be easily seen in snow, when it goes hunting for its food.



4. **The Red Squirrel.** This little animal is not seen so often as its cousin, the grey squirrel. It has a bushy tail and tufted ears, and belongs to a group of animals which "gnaw" their food with their special front teeth. It has a habit of storing food in hiding places for the winter.



5. **The Wolf.** The wolf is still to be seen in some parts of Europe, but it no longer lives in Great Britain. It is very like a large Alsatian dog, about six feet long from nose to tip of tail, and brownish-grey in colour.



6. **The Badger.** The badger is hardly ever seen during daylight, for it spends the day in a deep burrow, coming out only at night to hunt for its food. It eats earthworms, beetles and grubs. Its fur is grey on top and dark, almost black, underneath, but its most striking markings are the black and white stripes on its head.

Wild Animals of Europe



7. **Red Deer.** Most red deer are forest animals, though in Scotland they live on open mountains. Red deer babies, called fawns, are heavily spotted with white markings when they are born, but these gradually disappear and become a reddish-brown coat.



8. **The Rabbit.** If you see a brownish animal skipping across a field showing a flash of white from its tail, you will probably have disturbed a rabbit. This creature is also one which lives in a burrow under the ground. It has many enemies, one of which is the stoat, and depends on its skill at hiding itself to escape from them.



BRER RABBIT

Brer Fox isn't clever enough for Brer Rabbit. By Barbara Hayes

NOW as time went by, in the land where Brer Rabbit and the other animals lived, Brer Fox grew to feel mighty cross about the way Brer Rabbit always got the better of him.

He felt mighty cross.

He felt mighty mad.

He lay awake at night worrying about how the other animals must be laughing at him.

Brer Fox worked himself up into a fine state, I can tell you.

Then one day, when Brer Fox was going along the road, Brer Wolf caught up with him.

When they had finished saying "Howdy" and asking after each other's families, Brer Wolf said that Brer Fox looked as if there was something bothering him.

Brer Fox said that there was nothing bothering him at all and laughed and put on a big show of not having a care in the world.

But Brer Wolf was no fool and he soon

guessed what was the matter with Brer Fox.

And in a little while, Brer Wolf started to mention Brer Rabbit's carryings-on and that the way Brer Rabbit was picking on Brer Fox was the talk of the neighbourhood.

Feeling at last that he was talking to someone who was on his side, Brer Fox took Brer Wolf's arm and told him how upset he was because Brer Rabbit always got the better of him.

So then Brer Wolf came right out and said he had a plan for catching Brer Rabbit.

And Brer Fox said "How?"

Brer Wolf said that the way to catch Brer Rabbit at a disadvantage was to get him into Brer Fox's house.

"Huh!" said Brer Fox. "Well, anyone knows that. But how do we get Brer Rabbit to come into my house?"

Then Brer Wolf talked mighty biggety. "We'll just trick Brer Rabbit into your house," he said. "It will be easy."

"All you have to do, Brer Fox," went on Brer Wolf, "is to go home and lie down on your bed, pretending to be in a very deep sleep. Lie there until Brer Rabbit is close enough to touch and then grab him. And we shall have rabbit stew for supper, you wall and see."

So Brer Fox ambled home and Brer Wolf took himself off to Brer Rabbit's house.

When he reached Brer Rabbit's house, there was Brer Rabbit cleaning the windows.

"Have you heard about the wonderful new winter medicine that Brer Fox is trying?" called out Brer Wolf.

Well, Brer Rabbit hadn't, so he said:

"What medicine might that be then, Brer Wolf?"

"Why, it's something he bought off Brer Tortoise," explained Brer Wolf. "You drink it and then you go into a deep sleep that lasts all through the winter. You miss all the horrid cold weather and wake up in time for the nice spring sunshine. Brer Fox took the medicine just before I left him. He should be deep asleep by now."

And with that Brer Wolf ran off.

Of course, Brer Rabbit was mighty curious and in a moment up he jumped and ran off to Brer Fox's house.

When Brer Rabbit got close to Brer Fox's house, all looked mighty lonesome. Then he went nearer.

Nobody stirred.

Then he looked through a window—and there lay Brer Fox, stretched out on the bed, as if he were in a mighty deep sleep.

Then Brer Rabbit pretended to talk to himself and he said:

"Well, Brer Fox looks asleep all right. But I bet he's not in one of those deep winter sleeps—I bet he's only dozing."

Brer Fox didn't move.

Brer Rabbit went on: "I've heard that in these real deep winter sleeps animals

always raise up their hind legs and shout 'WAHOOO!'"

Brer Fox didn't move.

"Well Brer Fox isn't shouting 'WAHOOO' so I bet he isn't deep asleep and I won't go near him," said Brer Rabbit.

Then Brer Fox, afraid of losing Brer Rabbit, lifted up his hind legs and shouted "WAHOOO!"

At once Brer Rabbit knew that, as he had thought, it was all a trick.

He turned and raced out of the house as fast as his legs could carry him.

Brer Fox and Brer Wolf will have to think of a cleverer trick than that to catch Brer Rabbit, won't they?

There will be another Brer Rabbit story next week.

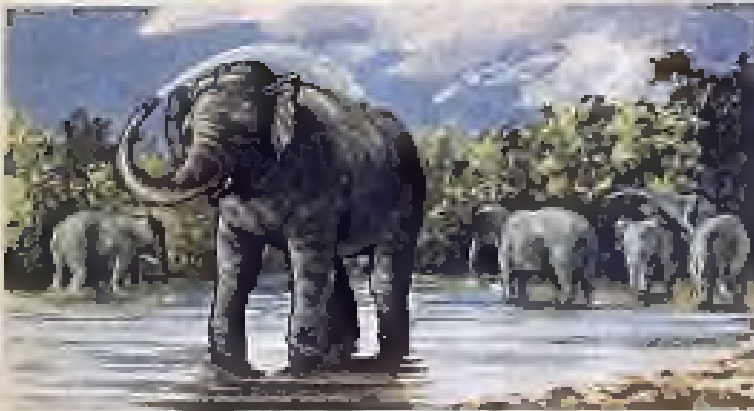
Dear Boys and Girls,

I have just had a letter from Sarah Rawlings of Birmingham. She says that, like Brer Fox, she felt mighty cross and mighty mad that she could not buy a copy of "Once Upon A Time" at her newspaper's shop, because all the copies had been sold. But, like Brer Rabbit, she should be mighty clever and make sure of a copy by ordering it in advance. Don't you think it's a good idea?

The Editor.



How an Elephant uses its trunk



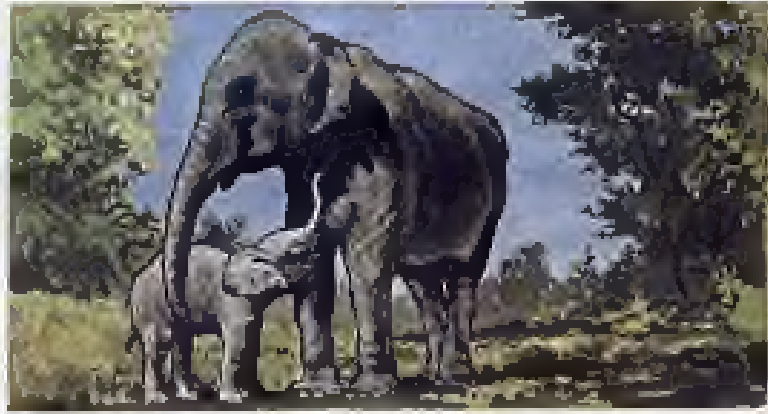
An elephant can squirt water with its trunk.



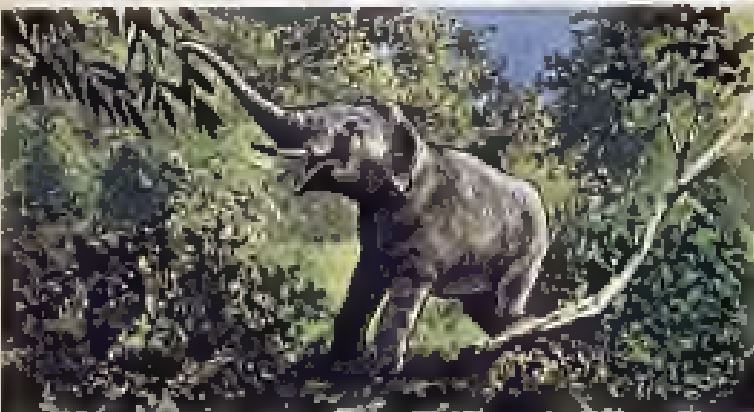
It can carry heavy tree-trunks in its trunk.



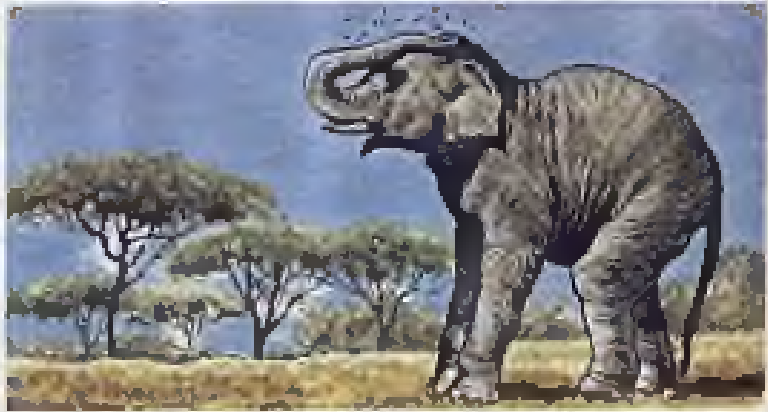
An elephant picks up its young with its trunk.



It cuddles its baby with its trunk.



An elephant uses its trunk to get food.



It swats annoying insects with its trunk.



An elephant smells danger with its trunk.



It trumpets loudly with its trunk.



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This is a memory test. Read it carefully and then turn to page 78 and have him try to answer the questions that are printed there.

The Stone-breaker

ONCE upon a time a little boy was born to a Scottish shepherd named Telford. He was christened Thomas. A few months after he was born his father died. His mother was very poor, so she found work on a farm to help to keep her and her baby boy.

At a very early age Thomas had to help on the farm, herding cattle and doing all sorts of odd jobs. Perhaps he had to break stones to make paths across the farmlands. If he did so, maybe it was then that he first became interested in road-making. He was such a happy boy that everybody called him "Laughing Tammy".

Whenever he could, he went to the parish school to pick up a little learning.

Then, when he was fifteen, he went to work for a stone-mason.

He started to write poetry and for a time it seemed as though he would earn

his living as a poet. But it was not to be.

He became a builder, an architect and an engineer. Then he started to build bridges and roads. In Scotland he built 120 new bridges and 820 miles of new roads. He was also the engineer who built the famous Caledonian Canal and many harbours in Scotland.

When we speak of road-building, we most often think of a man called McAdam. Indeed, the kind of roadway he built is now always known as a macadam road. Telford's method of building a road was not quite the same as McAdam's, but between the pair of them they transformed the means of travel between town and town, and country and country.

Perhaps you have never heard of Thomas Telford before. But now that you have, you should remember his name, for he was a very great man.

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Silver Moon



Poor Silver Moon was very sad and lonely. All the cleverest and wisest doctors in the world had tried to cure her of a strange illness, but all of them had failed.

The truth of the matter was that the lovely Chinese princess could not sleep. Ever since the days of her childhood, when she had lain awake at night, staring through the window at the silver moon, she had remained awake. It was all very tiring and lifeless, and Silver Moon began to feel that there was nobody on Earth who could help her.

In that, she was quite right—but there WERE people who could help her. Their names were Pik and Pok, two blue gnomes who lived on the Moon and were the best little magic-makers in all the stars and planets of the sky.

Feeling sorry for Silver Moon, they slid down to Earth on a fast-travelling moonbeam and came to her rescue. They had to do it in their own special way, of course, and the way they did it was to pick up a living likeness of Silver Moon, put it on a silver cloud as thin as a piece of finest silk, and then carry it off from China towards India.

"What an odd place this Earth is," said Pik, looking down. "I see great animals, with long noses and sharp teeth that stick out in front, striding through the forests with what seems to be heavy tree-trunks in their mouths."

"Ah, then we must be travelling in the right direction," said Pok. "Those animals you mention are called elephants and they do work for smaller animals called men. The elephants are not as wise as the men, who sit on their backs and hardly do any work at all. However, I do

know one thing—that we must be travelling over a country called Burma, where men collect wood from trees and make it into houses and temples and ships. It shows that we are going the right way, dear brother. We shall see India quite soon and then we must look for a great golden palace on the banks of a big river called the Ganges."

"And there we shall find Prince Amon," said Pik. "Do you think he will fall in love at once with Silver Moon?"

"I have no doubt about it," Pok replied. "And if that happens, and if Prince Amon decides to make the long journey to China to ask her to marry him, then Silver Moon will be cured forever."

Pik and Pok were hurrying along through the sky at great speed, leaving behind a sparkling trail of coloured lights like shooting stars.

Presently they saw India below them and looked for the golden palace beside the mighty River Ganges.

"I can see it now," exclaimed Pik. "All is quiet."

"Then let us waste no time in finding Prince Amon," said Pok.

Weaving their way through the tall towers of the golden palace, they slipped into a bed-



room, in which the Indian prince lay fast asleep.

From the moment that Pík and Pók floored over his bed, Prince Amón began to dream. It was the loveliest dream he had ever had in all his life. The sweet vision of a beautiful princess seemed to hover over him. He could see her quite clearly, and in his sleep he smiled.

"Where do you come from, my beautiful one?" he asked.

It was the right moment for Pík and Pók to perform another bit of their moon magic. A silvery voice rang through the room.

"From China, from China, from China," the voice said. "I am Silver Moon from China."

When, in his sleep, Prince Amón heard this, he spoke half-awake in reply.

"Let it be known throughout the Kingdom of my father that when I awake I shall not rest again until I have journeyed to China to find this lovely Silver Moon, the sweet princess of my dreams," he said.

When Pík and Pók heard this, they did a few happy circles around the room.

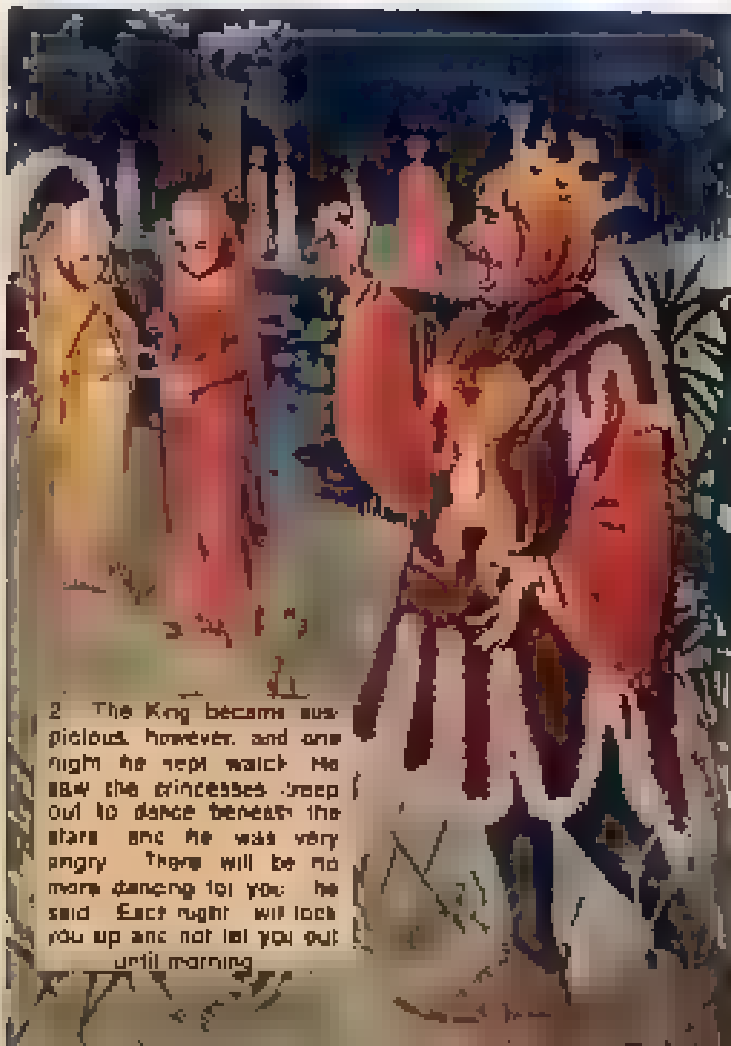
"Now all that remains is for the prince's father to grant permission for him to leave home and travel to China," said Pík.

More of this delightful tale next week.

The Seven Dancing Princesses



1 There once lived a King who had seven beautiful daughters, who all loved dancing. The King, a rather strict man, thought it all a waste of time. So each night, when the Palace was asleep, the princesses put on their new dancing slippers and crept out to dance in the garden beneath the stars to the tinkling music of the splashing fountains.



2 The King became suspicious, however, and one night he kept watch. He saw the princesses creep out to dance beneath the stars and he was very angry. "There will be no more dancing for you," he said. "Each night, I will lock you up and not let you out until morning."



3 That night, when they were locked in, the princesses cried and cried. But all at once there appeared an old lady. "I am your own Fairy Godmother," she said. "I am here to help you, my dears. Oh, thank you very much," they said.

4 So the Fairy Godmother touched all the seven princesses with her magic wand and they shot up into the sky far above the Palace, and turned into seven twinkling stars. There they danced all night long, until the rising sun touched them lightly with its warm rays and told them that it was time to hurry back to Earth, where they became princesses again.



5. Next day the King saw that his seven daughters had stopped crying & was glad you are going to be sensible, he said. "I don't like to see you sad, just because I said that I didn't like you dancing." Yes, father, said the seven princesses meekly. But they smiled secretly.



6 And every night since then, the seven princesses have changed into seven stars and danced their way across the sky at night. The people who know this story call these stars 'The Seven Sisters'.





Beautiful Paintings

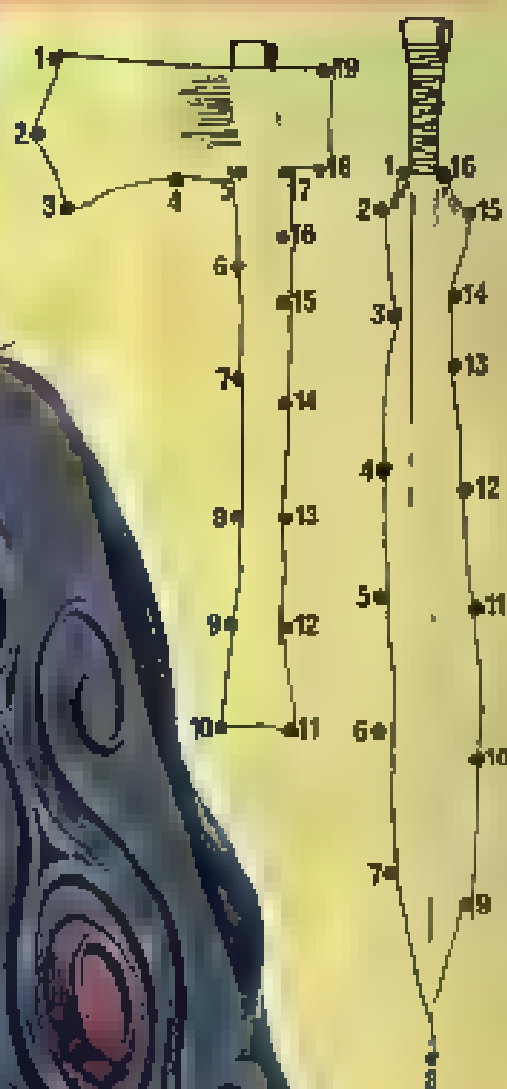
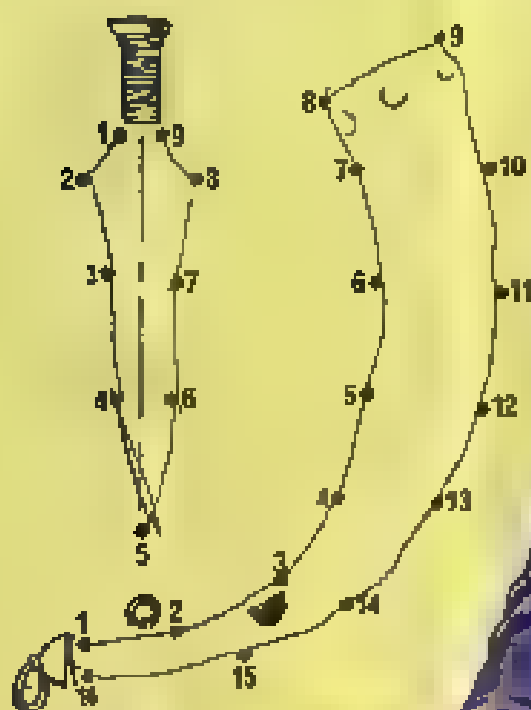
There have been some lovely pictures of horses in "Once Upon a Time". Do you remember Sir Edwin Landseer's "Shoeing" which was painted many years ago? Well, here is a picture of two white horses, painted by the modern artist Ricardo Aronys. Landseer painted everything very neatly and carefully but you can notice how the modern artist Aronys paints in a much more carefree style. The white colour against the red makes a startling contrast, doesn't it? This beautiful picture will look splendid in your scrapbook.

Reproduced from the print published by Pampa Gallery Ltd., London, W.C.1.

THE ANCIENT BRITON

When, in 55 B.C. the Romans under the command of Julius Caesar first came to these islands, hordes of brave fighting men were waiting to do battle with them. Here is one of those Ancient Britons with his great sword and mighty shield. In 43 A.D. the heroic Queen Boudicca led such warriors against the Romans who were then fighting to occupy Britain. She was bravely defeated and put an end to her own life rather than be taken prisoner by the Romans.

Join the dots in the four pictures on either side of the Briton to complete a dagger, a trumpet, a hand-axe and a sword.





THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

This week read about a mysterious visitor. By Barbara Mayer.

RAT TAT TAT

It was the postman knocking at the door of Winifred, the country mouse, bringing her a very interesting-looking letter.

"Hallo, Mr. Postman, smiled Winifred. "Would you like to come in and have a cup of tea?"

So the postman did.

He took out the envelope and the letter is all the way from Australia and he said:

Winifred was excited. She tore open the envelope and the letter inside said:

Dear Winifred,

I am coming back from Australia. Please meet me under the oak tree on the village green on Saturday the 10th.

Yours truly,

A Friend

"Fancy I!" peeped Winifred.

"Fancy what?" asked the postman impatiently. "How can I fancy anything, if you don't tell me what the letter says?"

So Winifred told him and then she said:

"But it is all very mysterious. Who can it be? I have never heard of any one coming back from Australia. Why, I haven't even got any relatives there that I still write to."

The only person I can remember who went to Australia from our family was Great Auntie Hilda's brother Sid, but he only wrote back once to say that he was so busy dodging out of the way of the sheep and the rabbits, he wouldn't be able to write any more."

Winifred said to herself as she read:

Now while all this was going on in the country, much the same thing was going on in town.

"Ting-ting-ting-ting-ting."

The postman brought the pretty sounding ring of the door knocker to Stephenie.

Stephenie took the letter and gave the postman sixpence.

By the stamps it looks as if your letter comes from Australia," said the postman. "So it does," smiled Stephenie. "Now if you give me another sixpence will you make that remark again, but much louder? I like the neighbours to know that you have been abroad."

So the postman did and Stephenie was thrilled when she saw the curtains in the next house quiver and she knew that Mrs. Tidd, her neighbour, had heard about the letter which came from Australia.

When Stephenie went back indoors she found that the letter said:

Dear Stephenie,

I am coming back from Australia. Please meet me under the oak tree on the village green near Winifred's home on Saturday the 10th.

Yours truly,

A Friend

Actually, the letter made Stephenie rather cross.

"A friend, my foot!" she snorted. "You're no friend of mine. If you call me that stuffy old-fashioned name, Stephenie, I like to be called Steve. It sounds much smarter."

And fancy asking me to drag all the way out to Winifred's dreary village!

It was quite a long time before she could get to the top of the village and the Italian restaurant in the High Street called Mario's.

But then Stephenie—I'm sorry, mean Steve—thought again and she said to herself:

"Perhaps it isn't such a bad idea to

winifred's village. After all, I don't know what he—or she—is like at all.

He might turn out to be one of those dreadful country bumpkin relatives of Winifred's, who has just made himself even worse by spending the last twenty years in Australia talking to sheep.

"I wouldn't want any of my smart town friends to see me talking to anyone like that."

On the other hand, of course, he could be one of our go-ahead London cousins, who jumped a boat for Australia and has come back with a lot of money in gold or boomerangs, or whatever it is they make their fortunes with out there!

But whatever Winifred or Stephenie thought, their curiosity made sure that they were on the village green, under the oak tree, on Saturday the 10th.

"Hallo, Winifred," said Stephenie. "This must be the letter that has just come. Why, you've come all of thirty yards from your house!"

Stephenie was always sarcastic about how Winifred liked being a little stay-at-home.

"Hallo, our Stephenie!" smiled Winifred, who never took any notice of unkind remarks. "Do you know who our visitor is?"

But of course Stephenie didn't know and the two mice waited full of excitement, longing for the mysterious 'friend' from Australia to arrive.

They waited and they waited.

Then suddenly there was the roar of a big engine and a very expensive motor car drew up.

A smart chauffeur got out and opened the door.

Winifred and Stephenie both gasped as a handsome young man stepped down and smiled at them.

"I have a mysterious message for you from Australia," he said.

First decide you like that and read the message.



JASON ^{AND THE} Golden Fleece

In search of the Golden Fleece, Jason and his Argonauts sailed onwards and met with many marvellous adventures, any one of which could be a story of its own. At one time they landed on an island to collect fresh water. They had done this task and were resting on the beach when they suddenly found themselves attacked by what seemed to be a shower of steel-headed arrows. Some of them stuck into the ground, while others hit against their shields.

"**W**HERE are they coming from?" asked Jason. All fifty of them got up and looked around, searching for an enemy who might be hidden among rocks or bushes at the back of the beach. But they could not see any place where even a single archer could be hidden.

Still, however, the steel-tipped arrows came whizzing among them; and, at last, they looked upward and saw a large flock of evil-looking birds, hovering above them and shooting down their feathers.

These feathers were the steel-tipped arrows which had come whistling down on the Argonauts. Fearing that he and his comrades might be wounded, or even killed, without ever setting eyes on the Golden Fleece, Jason ran to the ship as fast as he could.

"O daughter of the Talking Oak," he said, looking up at the lovely wooden figure-head on the stem of the proud ship, "we need your great wisdom. We are in danger from a flock of birds, which are shooting at us with their steel-pointed feathers. What can we do to drive them away?"

"Make a loud clatter on your shields," said the figure-head. So Jason ran back to his companions, who were still dodging showers of the steel-tipped feathers.

"Strike on your shields with your swords," he ordered.

One or two of them wondered what good it might do, but all began to bang their swords on their shields, making such a terrible clattering din that the birds turned away in sudden fright at the noise. And though they had shot half the feathers out of their wings, they were soon flying away in the far distance like a flock of wild geese.

Having been saved once again by the talking figure-head,



the Argonauts sailed in and at last reached the place called Colchis, where there was the sacred grove of trees in which hung the wonderful Golden Fleece.

When the King of the country heard of their arrival he at once summoned Jason to his palace. The King was stern and cruel-looking, though he managed to put on as polite an expression as he could.

"You are welcome, brave Jason," said the King of Colchis. "Tell me, are you on a pleasure voyage? Or do you hope to discover some unknown lands? What brings you here and gives me the great happiness of seeing you at my court?"

"Great sir," replied Jason, "I have come here for a special reason, and I now beg your Majesty's help. King Pelias, who sits on my father's throne, has agreed to hand it, and his crown, to me if I bring him back the Golden Fleece which hangs here on a sacred tree. I humbly beg that you will allow me to take it away."

The King frowned with anger. He valued the Golden Fleece above all other things and it was not in his mind to allow Jason and his forty-nine brave Greek warriors to walk away with his most precious treasure.

"Do you know," asked the King, "what you must do before you can get within reach of the Golden Fleece?"

"Yes," answered Jason. "I have been told that a monster dragon lies beneath the sacred tree and that it has never failed to swallow in one mouthful anyone who dares to go near."

"That is true, young man," smiled the King. "But that is not all. There are other things to be done before you can even get near the fearsome dragon. For example, you must first tame two huge fire-breathing bulls. They breathe such hot fire out of their noses and mouths that nobody has ever gone within three yards

of them without being burnt to a small black cinder. What do you think of that, brave Jason?"

"I must face that danger when I come to it, good sir," said Jason.

"After taming the fiery bulls," went on the King, trying to frighten Jason as much as possible, "you must yoke them to a plough, and must plough a field of sacred earth. Then, in the furrows you must plant dragon's teeth, which will at once grow into armed soldiers in their hundreds. They will leap out of the furrows and attack you with all their might. You and your forty-nine Argonauts, my good Jason, will never be able to stand up against them for a moment!"

Jason thought over the problem for a while, then said: "We shall see, noble sir, when we come face to face with all these dangers you tell us about."

The King muttered angrily to himself. "What a foolish and vain young man he is," he thought. "We shall soon see what my fire-eating bulls will do for him."

"Very well, brave Jason," he said aloud, as pleasantly as he could. "I bid you make yourself welcome in my palace for today. And be sure to get plenty of good food and sleep, for tomorrow morning you shall try your skill at taming the bulls."

While the King talked with Jason, a lovely young woman was standing behind the throne. She kept her eyes fixed on the young stranger and listened to every word that was spoken. When Jason bowed to the King and left the room, this young woman followed him.

Although Jason had directed all his words to the King he had not failed to notice the dark-haired girl who had been standing behind the throne.

Despite all the terrible dangers which he must face the following day, as Jason walked from the room his thoughts were

upon the girl and her beautiful features.

Then, without turning his head, he sensed that the girl had followed him. He paused and turned to face her, wondering whether in her he had a new enemy to worry about.

"Who are you?" he asked her. "And why have you followed me? Is there something you want of me?"

"I am the King's daughter," she said to Jason. "If you will trust me, I will tell you how to tame the fiery bulls, and sow the dragon's teeth, and get the Golden Fleece."

"Sweet princess, if you will do this for me, I promise to be grateful to you my whole life long," said Jason. "But how can you help me? Are you really an enchantress with powers of magic?"

"My name is Medea, good Jason," was the reply, "and I do indeed have certain powers of magic. I know some of your own secrets already—how you carried an old woman on your back across a raging river, and how you carved a speaking figure-head for your ship from a branch of the famous Talking Oak. I admire you for your courage, Jason, and I shall see that no harm comes to you tomorrow."

Next week: Jason tames the fiery bulls.

Here are the questions about the memory test on page 6. See if you can answer them. You can re-read the story to see if you have answered them correctly.

1. What was Thomas Telford's father?
2. What did everybody call Thomas?
3. What did Thomas first think he would be?
4. How many new bridges did he build in Scotland?
5. What was the name of the famous canal that Thomas Telford built?





The Wise Old Owl is here to answer many interesting questions for you.

The WISE OLD OWL

Knows all the answers



1. Are there such things as flying fish?

"Yes. Flying fish are very common in some large oceans in sunny parts of the world. Although these pretty creatures do not actually fly by flapping their wings, they leap out of waves at great speed and by using their large fins to keep them in the air they glide over the water for quite long distances. It is thought that they jump out of the sea to escape from bigger fish which hunt them."



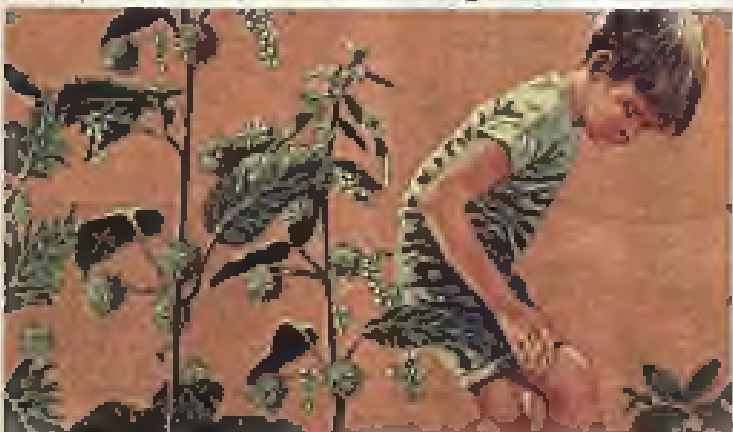
2. Do plants go to sleep at night?

"Plants grow best where it is sunny and warm and stop growing on cold, dark nights, so in a way they do rest or go to sleep. Some leaves and flowers, like the ordinary daisy, fold themselves up and really do look as though they are going to sleep when the sun goes in. They do this to stop the cold air reaching them."



3. Why does a snail leave a shiny trail?

"A snail has one large, soft foot and it moves about by sliding this foot over the ground. So that its foot can slide more easily over rough earth and stones, the snail spreads out a slimy sort of juice as it goes along. This is left behind as a silvery trail that we see on the footpaths on summery mornings."



4. How does a nettle sting?

"If you look very closely, and carefully, at a stinging nettle you will see that it has lots of little 'hairs' growing on its leaves. The 'hairs' are tiny hollow needles, filled with a poisonous juice. When you touch a nettle, some of these poison needles stick in you."



5. What are hailstones?

"Hailstones, of course, are not really stones at all. They are lumps of ice that fall from the sky. They are made by raindrops falling through cold air and becoming frozen. Hailstones as big as eggs sometimes fall and cause a lot of damage."